

DEC.—JAN. 1964

ANIMAL COMICS

• A DELL COMIC •
DELL
• A DELL COMIC •

UNCLE WIGGILY

ALBERT & POGO

ROVER • JIGG •

ANIMAL PHOTOS



**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**



Warren W. McSpadden, New York

Peegen Fitzgerald of the popular WJZ—ABC breakfast hour team awards a first prize to little girl and her brother who entered this pet hen in a recent kids' pet show in which the Fitzgeralds (Ed and Peegen) served as judges. Little brother holds egg which "Cluck-cluck" laid at show while waiting for judges to get around to see what fine feathers she had.

ROVER

by Dan Noonan



WELL, MIKE, WE MAY AS WELL GO ASHORE HERE FOR WATER AND SEE WHAT WE CAN DIG UP IN THE WAY OF ANY PROVISIONS GETTING A LITTLE LOW NOW.



YOU KNOW, RED, IT'S ALWAYS GOOD TO GET ASHORE EVEN ON ONE OF THESE LITTLE KEYS.



THERE'S PROBABLY WATER UP NEAR THOSE PALM TREES SOMEPLACE MIKE.



A.C.# 30-4712

HERE WE ARE! HOT DOG! FRESH WATER.



I'LL TELL YOU WHAT, MIKE, HOW ABOUT STAYING ASHORE HERE FOR A FEW DAYS. IT'LL BE A WELCOME CHANGE.

WE CAN BUILD A CAMP RED.



GOOD THING WE SAVED THIS OLD SAIL -- MAKES A GOOD TENT. WE CAN MAKE A LITTLE STONE OVEN



THERE WE ARE, MIKE! GOOD AS A HOUSE. WHAT'S UP WITH THE DOGS?

THEY'RE SURE BARKING!



MAYBE THEY'VE FOUND SOMETHING! YOU BETTER SEE.



HEY, RED, COME HERE -- THEY HAVE FOUND SOMETHING!



WHY IT'S A TORTOISE! AND WHAT A WHOPPER!



WATCH IT NOW, MIKE -- AND WE'LL SEE IF WE CAN TURN IT OVER. HE'LL BE HELPLESS THEN.



HE'S A HEAVY DEVIL ISN'T HE. LOOK OUT ROVER.



THERE HE IS! OVER ON HIS BACK NOW AND HE CAN'T MOVE -- GOOD DOGS.

GEE WHIZ, HE'S BIG, RED.



MIKE, WE CAN PUT SOME OF THIS TURTLE MEAT IN THOSE JELLY JARS ON THE BOAT AND KEEP IT FOR THE TRIP.

IT DOES TASTE GOOD, RED.



YOU KNOW IT'S SORT OF NICE TO BE AGHORE AGAIN, RED --

IT IS, MIKE -- THE SEA IS FINE BUT THE SHORE HAS ITS POINTS. WELL, TIME FOR BED.



SHALL WE HAVE A LOOK AT THE ISLAND -- SORT OF EXPLORE A BIT, MIKE.

LET'S, RED, IT'S SUCH A NICE MORNING.



BOY, LOOK AT ROVER AND FEARLESS,
THEY REALLY LIKE THIS.



AND THE DOGS DID ENJOY
IT, ROMPING ACROSS THE
OPEN DUNE COUNTRY OF
THE ISLAND.



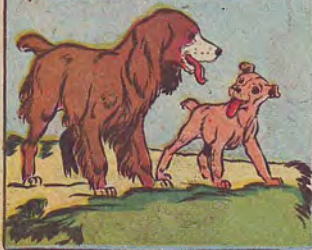
EXPLORING EACH NOOK
AND CRANNY ~~~



BARKING AT THE
GULLS ~~~



PAUSING ONLY TO FIND SOME
NEW INTERESTING THING AND
THEN OFF AGAIN.



WHO DO YOU SUPPOSE
LIVED ON THESE LITTLE
ISLANDS, RED?

OH, NOBODY
MUCH, MIKE,
PIRATES USED TO
PUT IN ONCE IN
A WHILE, I GUESS.



YOU MEAN PIRATES ?

REAL

SURE, YOU SEE THE CARIBBEAN WAS THEIR HUNTING GROUND IN THOSE DAYS ~



WHY THERE WAS SIR HENRY MORGAN AND CAPTAIN KIDD AND STEVE-BONNET ROVER ~ ALL OF THEM SAILED DOWN HERE.



PREYING ON WEALTH LADEN MERCHANTMEN FROM PANAMA AND THE INDIES ...



THEY WERE A ROUGH HARD LOT LIVING WILDLY OFF THEIR STOLEN GOLD AND PLUNDER.

UNTIL THE AMERICAN AND BRITISH NAVIES TOOK CARE OF MOST OF THEM, HUNTED THEM DOWN AND HUNG THEM.



WOW ! ~ THOSE WERE THE DAYS, WERENT THEY RED ?

WELL THEY WERE ~ HELLO ! WHAT'S ROVER BARKING AT NOW ?



WHAT'S UP ROVER ?

SAY ~ LOOK AT THAT
TIMBER RED !



WELL, WHAT DO YOU
KNOW, LOOKS LIKE
A MARKER, DOESN'T IT ?

GEE, RED ~
S'POSE IT'S A
PIRATE MARKER ?



HUMM ~ I DOUBT IT ~
MOST LIKELY A SHIP'S
TIMBER ~

SAY, LOOK
WHAT ROVER'S
GOT - !



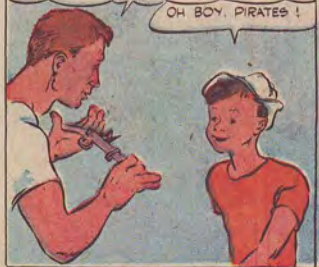
WHY, RED . IT LOOKS LIKE A PISTOL !

IT IS, MIKE, THE REMAINS
OF AN OLD FLINT LOCK
PISTOL .



MOST OF THE WOOD'S ROTTED AWAY ~
BUT THE METAL PARTS ARE STILL SOUND.

OH BOY, PIRATES !



AND NOW LOOK ~ ROVER AND
FEARLESS HAVE DUG UP SOMETHING
ELSE !

WELL, FOR - A CUTLASS !
MIKE, WE ARE IN PIRATE
COUNTRY .



BOY RED I BET
THERE IS TREASURE
HERE.

WELL, THERE MIGHT BE.
I'LL BET SOME OLD
BUCCANEER SWUNG
THIS THING ONCE OR
TWICE.



YOU SUPPOSE IF
WE DUG AROUND
HERE, RED, WE'D
FIND A CHEST?

WELL I HATE TO
BE A WET BLANKET,
MIKE, BUT I DOUBT IT—
THOSE BOYS SPENT
MORE THAN THEY HID.



BUT THEY DID BURY
SOME OF THEIR MONEY,
DIDN'T THEY? IN
CHESTS AND LIKE THAT.

WELL, PEOPLE
LIKE TO THINK
THEY DID —



MEANWHILE ROVER AND
FEARLESS WERE STILL BUSY.



FEARLESS SEEMED
TO HAVE DISCOVERED
SOMETHING — HE
THOUGHT —



AND SUDDENLY DOWN
CAVED THE LOOSE SAND
ON THE PUPPY.



WITH A LUNGE, ROVER TORE
INTO THE SAND TO RESCUE
HIS LITTLE FRIEND ~~~



AND FINALLY BROUGHT FEARLESS
INTO THE OPEN — BUT —



IN RESCUING FEARLESS
ROVER HAD AGAIN UNDER-
MINED THE BANK —



SHAKING HIMSELF CLEAR
ROVER DID THE NEXT BEST
THING, HE BARKED FOR HELP.



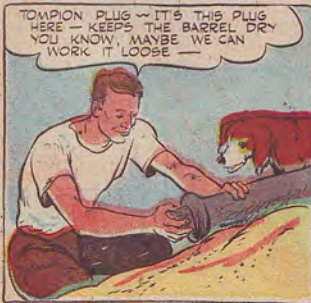
DIG FAST, MIKE,
THAT PUPPY IS
BURIED DEEP,
I THINK.

OH, MY
GOSH!
FEARLESS!



WELL!
HERE
WE ARE,
YOU
LITTLE
RASCAL.

RED!
HEY! LOOK
HERE!



BOY, OH, BOY HOW MUCH IS THERE, RED?

PLENTY, MIKE. PLENTY.

-AND JUST ABOUT THE RIGHT AMOUNT I'D SAY TOO, MIKE!

FOR WHAT RED - A NEW BOAT MAYBE?



NO MIKE - FOR SOMETHING A LOT MORE IMPORTANT THAN THAT! FOR YOUR SCHOOLING!

WHAT - ! ME? WHY, RED -

YES, MIKE - I'VE BEEN THINKING OF IT FOR A LONG TIME - YOU KNOW WE JUST CAN'T GO SAILING AROUND FOREVER - AND ONE OF THESE DAYS YOU'LL BE GROWN-UP, YOU KNOW -

BUT, RED -



I JUST CAN'T THINK OF BEING WITHOUT YOU AND ROVER AND FEARLESS! WHY, RED -


WHY, MIKE, WE'LL ALWAYS BE FRIENDS.

-AND JUST THINK WHAT A SWELL MEMORY ALL THIS WILL BE - AND WE'LL ALWAYS REMEMBER IT - YOU AND I AND ROVER AND FEARLESS.











RELAX, BUD... DAT'S
WHAT DEY ALL
SAY

DIS IS
HIS FOIST
TIME, I
BET



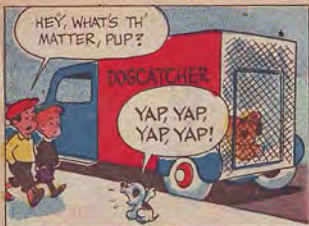
NOW WHERE DID THAT LITTLE
MUT GO?



I GOT TO HELP MOOCH...
I GOT TO FIGURE SOMETHIN'
OUT







ALBERT and POGO

by WALT KELLY



OWL, YO' IS ALLUS COMPLAIN
BOUT DE FISHES YO MISSES...
WHY, AH IS MISSED MO' BIG
FISH DAN YO' IS EVEN SEE.

DASH A BALL
FACE FIB
OF DE FUST
WATER!

BY JINGY, AH IS DE
CHAMPEEN BIG FISH LOSER
OF DE SWAMPLAN... ONCE
AH ALMOS' COTCH A CATFISH
SIX FEET LONG.



AH IS ALMOS' COTCH
A FISH SEVEN
FEET LONG!

AH POINTS DE
FINGERBONE
OF INCREDULITY
AT YOU!

YOU 'S SULLY DE
HONOR OF HONORABLE
ME - AH WHOP YO
WIF DE FISH POLE!

AH DEE-FENDS
MASELF.



YIPPEE! FIT EACH OTHER INTO DE RIGGIN'! MA SAKES, WHUT A PASSEL OF DERRING DO!



LAY OFF DE RASSELIN'! AH BEIN' WHOPPED TO A CRIMPY!



EFFEN YO' DINT STEP ATWEEN US, AH WOULD OF BEEN DE UNDISPUTED CHAMPEEN, UNDEFEATED, UNTIED AND UNSCORNE'D UPON.



Y'ALL BETTER SETTLE IT WIFOUT. BRUISIN' DE PASSERS-BY.

US WILL HAVE A CONTEST TO THRASH OUT WHOM IS DE KING OF DE BIG FISH LOSERS.



GREAT! EACH OF YO' BETS A LIL' SUM LIKE TWENTY-THUTTY THOUSAND DOLLAHS... AH GITS TO HOLE DE MONEY-HOT DOG!



DEN AH RESH OFF TO MEXICO!




MA SAKES, AH ABSCONDED AFORE AH HAD DE FUNDS!


AN' YOU FALL IN DE SWAMP, AN' TIPS YO' MIT BESIDES—NOW EVVYBODY KNOW YO IS A EMBEZZLER IN DE BUD.



PORE OL' BOLL WEEVIL—HE NEVER GIT A CHANCE LIKE DAT AGAIN. HE COULD OF BEEN ON EASY STREET IF HE WASN'T SO HASTY.




US WILL PUSH OVAH TO DRY
GROUNDS AN' RUN OFF DE
CONTEST... MEBBE US
COULD HAVE A PRIZE
OF A MILLYUM DOLLARS
OR EVEN A CHONKLIT
CAKE.

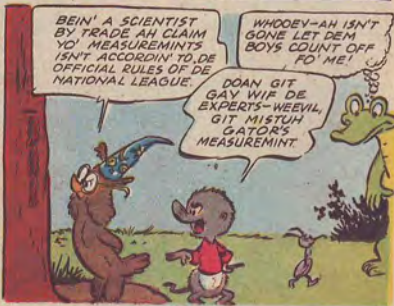


NOW AH WILL MARK ON DE
TREE DE MEASUREMINTS OP
DE FISHES YO' IS LOSE...
OWL, YO' FUST.

SEVEN FEETS
LONG, HE
WAS.




OKAY... MARK
OFF WHERE DE
SEVEN FOOTS
MARK GONE
BE, WEEVIL




BEIN' A SCIENTIST
BY TRADE AH CLAIM
YO' MEASUREMINTS
ISN'T ACCORDIN' TO DE
OFFICIAL RULES OF DE
NATIONAL LEAGUE.

WHOOEV-AH ISN'T
GONE LET DEM
BOYS COUNT OFF
FO' ME!

DOAN GIT
GAY WIF DE
EXPERTS-WEEVIL,
GIT MISTUH
GATOR'S
MEASUREMINT.



AH WILL OUTWIT 'EM! AH KIN
STRENTCH OUT MA ARMS
LONGER DAN DAT... AH WILL
BEAT OL' OWL WIF A SUPER-
PERLATIVE WIGGLE OF DE
BRAIN.



POGO WANT YO'
MEASUREMINTS,
ALBERT.

CERTAINLY, WEEVIL—
DAT FISH AH MISS WAS
DISH YERE BIG.



AH CLAIMS A FOUL—YO' IS SWINDLE ME—AH CHALLENGE YO' TO A BIG FISH MISSIN' CONTEST.

SOMEBODY HIT SOMEBODY.

US WILL BAKE A CHONKLIT CAKE FO' DE WINNAH.

AN' IT GONE BE ME!

AH KIN OUTMISS YO' DE WORST DAY AH EVAH CRAWL.

AH IS ALREADY MISS A FOUR FOOT CROPPY.

AH WILL JES' EASE MASELF OVAH DE SIDE AN' DO A LIL' UNNERKIVVER WORK.

NOW TO LOOK UP DISH YERE HEAVY JOE DE PERCH.

H'LO DERE, FISH—YO' KNOWS WHAR AT IS OL' HEAVY JOE?

IFFEN YO WANT HIM FO' SOCIAL PURPOSES AH WILL TELL.

MA VISIT IS PURE SOCIAL—NO EATIN' OF HIM.

HE DAT WAY—UNNERNEAF OF DE BIG ROCK.

THANK YOU.

COME ON OUT, HEAVY JOE— AH GOT A PROPOSITION FO' YO.



GIMME A HAND, ALBERT, AH GITTIN' A LITTLE PLUMP.

MAN, YO' GITTIN' STUFFER AND STUFFER.



WHUT'S DE PROBLEM, ALBERT?

HEAVY JOE, YO' IS DE ONLY FISH AH KNOWS WIF A DOUBLE CHIN.

NOW, US GOT A CONTESTS GOIN' UPSTAIRS—AN' IF YO HELPS ME OUT YO' GITS HALF DE PRIZE, A CHONKLIT CAKE.



AH IS MISSED A FIVE FOOT EEL AND A FIVE AND A HALF FOOT BASS!

PSST—KEEP OUTEN SIGHT—UNTIL AH SAY DE WORD, HEAVY JOE.

KEEP YO' EYE ON DISH YERE NOW, OWL.





WOW—AH MISSED HEAVY JOE!

HEAVY JOE?



HOT DOG—AH MISSED DE GIANT OF DE SWAMPLAN'—OL' HEAVY JOE, DE BEHEMOTH OF DE BRINY DEEP!

DOG MA CATS! IF YOU IS, AH IS SKUNKED!



HOWSUMEVAN, AH IS REQUIRE PROOF.

WIF PLEASURE AN' GLADLY.



DERE HE BE—HEAVY JOE HISSELF.

DASH RIGHT.

DOGBONE! YO' IS KEERECK!



AH WILL BE BIG HEARTED—US WILL TAKE OL HEAVY JOE ASHORE TO PROVE YOU IS DE CHAMP.

LIF' HARD, ALBERT.



MAN! HE IS A HEAVY OL' THING, ISN'T HE?

SHO' IS NICE OF YO' TO POLE US TO SHORE.

YASSUH, OWL.

POGO, AH IS DE CHAMPEEN...
OL' HEAVY JOE COME ALONG
TO PROVE IT.

GODNESS
ME!

SO YO'
GITS DE
PRIZE!

OH, NO YOU DON'T!
DE PRIZE IS FO' DE
CHAMPEEN FISH LOSER!
AN' OL' ALBERT ISN'T
LOSE HEAVY JOE—OL'
JOE STILL
YERE!

F'UM DE TONE OF HIS VOICE, SOUN'
LIKE DE MAN GOT A PEEVE.

MA SAKES,
IT SHO' DO!

AN' FUTHERMO, 'CORDIN'
TO LAW, TO WIT, VIZ
AND WHEREAS
DE PARTY OF
DE FUST—

SO AH IS OUTWITTED YO'...
ACTUAL AH IS STILL
DE CHAMPEEN!
YO' IS
MISINTERPRET
DE RULES!

OWL,
AH IS
WRONGED
YO'.

AH VACATES DE TITLE
IN FAVOR OF YO'.

LET'S GO
PLAY HOP FRAWG

YO' IS MET
YO' MASTER

DEY IS ET
MA CAKE!

US ALL ET IT!
AH DUNNO 'BOUT
LOSIN' FISH, BUT
YO' IS SHO' DE
CHAMPEEN CAKE
LOSER.

SHE WAS
DEE-LISHUS!

CHUCKWAGON CHARLEY'S TALES

by GAYLORD DU BOIS
Drawings by M. GOLLUB

WOW! LOOK
AT THAT COYOTE
RUN!

HE MUST BE
GOING A MILE
A MINUTE,
CHARLEY.



HE'S SURE HITIN' THE
BREEZE, RETE... BUT
I CAN MAKE HIM
GO FASTER... THIS WAY.

OH BO-OY!
YOU DUSTED HIS
HEELS AND HE
JUST
DISAPPEARED.

CHARLEY DID YOU
EVER SEE A DOG
THAT COULD
CATCH A
COYOTE?

HMMM! YEAH, PAT, I DID
ONCE... AND I RECKON I'LL
HAVE TIME TO TELL YOU
PART OF THE STORY,
ANYHOW, BEFORE WE
GET TO COTTONWOOD
CREEK.



HIS NAME WAS **WHITE WIND**, AND HE
WAS RAISED BY A MOTHER COYOTE...
BUT I RECKON THAT'S
JUMPIN' OVER TOO
MANY FACTS.

WHITE WIND'S MOTHER WAS A RUSSIAN
WOLFHOUND, WHO'D BEEN BOUGHT BY
A RANCHER IN NEW MEXICO TO HUNT
COYOTES. SHE AND HER THREE-WEEKS-
OLD PUPS....



WERE TRAVELING BY TRUCK DOWN A MOUNTAIN HIGHWAY, WHEN THERE CAME AN AWFUL CRASH, AND THEIR DOG CRATE WENT FLYIN' THROUGH THE AIR.



AFTER A WHILE A WHIMPERIN' WHITE PUPPY CRAWLED OUT OF THE BUSTED CRATE... HE WAS THE ONLY SIGN OF LIFE AROUND THE WRECK.



WHEN NIGHT FELL AND HIS MOTHER DIDN'T COME TO FIND HIM, HE SAT DOWN AND CRIED HIS LITTLE HEART OUT.



HIS BABY LEGS WERE STILL WOBBLY AND TUMBLIN' AROUND AMONGST THE ROCKS SCARED HIM WORST THAN THE BUST UP HAD DONE.



BUT OTHER EARS HAD HEARD THE PUPPY'S WHIMPERIN'...TO A CERTAIN MOTHER COYOTE IT SOUNDED LIKE THE BABIES SHE'D LOST TO THAT SAME BADGER TWO DAYS BACK.

SUDDENLY FROM AROUND A SAGE CLUMP CAME A HUNGRY BADGER! THE SIGHT OF THAT FAT HELPLESS PUPPY MADE HIS MEAN OLD MOUTH WATER.



SHE LANDED ON OLD STRIPED FACE AND SLASHED HIS WICKED NOSE BEFORE HE HAD A CHANCE TO COVER IT UP.



THAT WAS ENOUGH FOR MR. BADGER! HE CLEARED OUT IN A HURRY AND SHE LET HIM GO. A BADGER'S HIDE IS TOO TOUGH FOR COYOTE TEETH.



IT DIDN'T TAKE TWO MINUTES FOR THE LONESOME, HUNGRY BABY AND THE LONESOME COYOTE MOTHER TO GET ACQUAINTED.



AFTER HE'D HAD HIS DINNER, SHE PICKED HIM UP GENTLY AND CARRIED HIM HOME TO HER DEN.



WHEN HER ADOPTED PUP WAS OLD ENOUGH TO EAT MEAT, SHE STARTED BRINGING HIM GOPHERS AND MICE.



AND A MONTH LATER SHE HELPED HIM CATCH HIS FIRST RABBIT.



ONCE WHEN HIS MOTHER WAS AWAY, THE YOUNG-
STER WENT RABBIT-HUNTING ON HIS OWN HOOK...



...AND FELL INTO A DEEP WASH, OR
"PERKIE" AS THE INJUNS CALL IT.



HE CLIMBED OUT ALL
DUSTY AND BREATHLESS,
TO FACE A BIG UGLY
HE-COYTE THAT HATED
THE VERY SMELL OF A DOG.



THAT OLD PRAIRIE WOLF GRABBED HIM
AND LIKE TO SHAKEN THE LIFE OUT
OF HIM...



...IF THE PUP'S FOSTER MOTHER HADN'T
SHOWED UP IN THE NICK OF TIME.



SHE MADE THAT WOLF WISH HE'D
BEEN BORN WITH WINGS.



JUST A FEW MONTHS LATER, THE YOUNG WOLFHOUND WAS CATCHIN' JACK-RABBITS FOR HIS LITTLE COYOTE MOTHER.



AND THE BIGGEST PRAIRIE WOLF IN NEW MEXICO TUCKED HIS TAIL DOWN AND HUMPED HIMSELF WHEN WHITE WIND TOOK AFTER HIM.



THEN HE LIT OUT TO FIND NEW HUNTING GROUNDS... MILES MEANT NOTHING TO HIS LONG, STRONG LEGS.



HALFWAY ACROSS THE STATE HIS RUNNING ENDED-- IN A WOLF TRAP SET NEAR A DEAD SHEEP -- THE STEEL JAWS CAUGHT ONLY TWO OF HIS TOES -- BUT THAT WAS ENOUGH.



ONE DAY WHITE WIND FOUND HIS LITTLE COYOTE MOTHER STIFF AND COLD -- POISONED BY A WOLF-HUNTER'S BAIT. HE MOURNED FOR TWO WHOLE DAYS.



HE WAS HALF DEAD OF THIRST AND TOO WEAK TO STAND WHEN THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLD TOMMY FRAYNE FOUND HIM.

TOMMY CUT OFF THE TWO BAD TOES
AND WITH HIS JACKET WRAPPED
AROUND WHITE WIND'S HEAD SO
HE WOULDN'T BITE...



... CARRIED THE FEEBLY STRUGGLIN' DOG
BACK TO HIS SHEEPHERDER'S WAGON,
THEN HE BANDAGED THE HURT FOOT.



USIN' HIS BELT FOR A COLLAR,
TOMMY FRAYNE CHAINED HIS
WOLFHOUND TO A WAGON WHEEL,
AND TOOK OFF THE BLINDFOLD.



WHITE WIND NEVER DID UNDERSTAND THE
COLLAR AND CHAIN, BUT HE BEGAN TO
SAVVY THAT HIM AND THE BOY WAS
MEANT TO BE PARDNERS.



AND THE BIG, WILD DOG LOST ALL
HIS LONESOMENESS, LISTENIN' TO
TOMMY'S VOICE.



AS THEY SAT IN THE
WAGON'S SHADE WATCHIN'
THE SHEEP, TOMMY TOLD
HIM 'HOW HE WAS AN ORPHAN,
WORKIN' FOR MEAN OLD
BURR WELKIN...

ONE DAY BURR WELKIN
RODE UP AND CAUGHT
TOMMY FEEDIN' HIS
PET... BURR WAS SO
MEAN, HE HATED TO
FEED HIMSELF....
LET ALONE A DOG.



HE GRABBED UP A HATCHET TO KILL
THE HOUND, THEN AND THERE....



...BUT TOMMY TRIPPED HIM
JUST IN TIME AND THE
DOG'S TEETH RIPPED BURR'S
SHOULDER TO THE BONE.



WELKIN CLIMBED ON TO HIS HOSS,
CUSSIN' A BLUE STREAK, AND
PROMISIN' TO COME BACK WITH
A GUN AND A WHIP.



WHEN BURR WAS GONE, TOMMY FRAYNE
TOOK OFF WHITE WIND'S COLLAR
AND SAID GOOD-BYE... HE KINDA
EXPECTED THE PUP TO HIGH-TAIL IT.



BUT IT TURNED OUT THAT THE
WOLFHOUND WAS TIED TO TOMMY
FRAYNE BY SOMETHIN' A LOT
STRONGER THAN ANY STEEL CHAIN.

SO TOMMY PUT THE LAST OF THEIR GRUB
IN A TIN LARD PAIL AND ROLLED UP HIS
ONLY BLANKET.



THAT NIGHT THEY FINISHED THE LAST
BEAN AND BISCUIT IN THE PAIL,
BESIDE A LITTLE CAMPFIRE.....



AT FIRST DAYLIGHT, TOMMY
WOKE UP TO FIND HIMSELF
ALONE...



BUT IT WASN'T
FOR LONG!
WHITE WIND CAME
BACK WITH A JACKRABBIT
FOR BREAKFAST... FROM THEN ON, TOMMY KNEW, THEY'D
NEVER NEED TO WORRY ABOUT GOIN' HUNGRY.

GO ON, CHARLIE!
WHAT HAPPENED
TO TOMMY AND
WHITE WIND
AFTER THAT?

PLENTY, PAT! BUT THERE'S
COTTONWOOD CREEK JUST
AHEAD OF US, SO I'LL
HAVE TO TELL THE
REST ANOTHER
TIME, I RECKON.



THEY HIT THE LONG TRAIL TOGETHER--
BOTH OF 'EM A LOT HAPPIER THAN
EVER BEFORE, AND WHITE WIND
BARELY LIMPIN' AT ALL ON HIS SORE FOOT.



.. AND WENT TO SLEEP UNDER THE OLD BLANKET.



PUTNAM'S CAVE

By Harriet
Smith
Hawley



There were once in this country many wolves. But the most famous was an enormous gray-black wolf that lived in Pomfret, Connecticut, where Israel Putnam had a farm.

This wolf was unusually large and unusually crafty. Winter after winter she would return to the farming village, apparently bent on destroying all the sheep in the valley. Sometimes she destroyed as many as seventy in one night. No hunter could ever get near her.

Yet, always she could be identified by the one short track she left in the soft snow. This was caused by the loss of toes on one foot—snapped off in a trap when she was young. That was a lesson she never forgot.

But Israel Putnam came to live in Pomfret, and he was not the kind of young man to be beaten by a wolf, no matter how cunning and cruel. A strong athletic chap who had won many a prize in running and wrestling, he liked nothing better than a hot chase. So, one day, he called together five of his neighbors who were also mighty hunters.

"Now then," said he in his matter-of-fact way, "let's not be outwitted by this old wolf any longer. It's ridiculous for us to let her live on our sheep and goats every winter. I say we should go after her."

"But how?" someone objected. "Haven't we tried every winter for the last five years? She's always one jump ahead, yapping her contempt after we've chased her all night."

"I know," said Putnam, "but that isn't saying it can't be done. My plan is this. Here are six of us. We'll go out by turns in two's and

not stop hunting until the wolf is ours."

"We are with you," agreed the five, already under the spell of Putnam's daring leadership. "No rest for us until we've finished the job."

"I'll start the chase," continued Putnam, his eyes flashing, "with you, John. And we'll start tonight."

So, after a good hot supper of pork and beans, topped off with apple dumplings, Putnam and his neighbor sallied forth, each with his long musket and his powder horn. At their heels leaped four hounds who seemed to sense an unusual adventure. Eagerly they sniffed the cold air, then put their noses to the ground.

The night was clear and crisp, but not too cold. There was wind, and moon enough to see tracks in the snow. The men walked briskly, their leather boots creaking as they stamped along into the woods.

Suddenly there was a wild baying, deep lusty baying that could mean only one thing.

"They've struck it," said Putnam. "That's Rudge in the lead. He's got the best nose of any dog in the pack."

"Yes, and it's the wolf we're after. See that short track?"

On flew the dogs. Their baying grew fainter as they took her trail due west.

"Bound for the Connecticut River," grunted John. "That's her old stunt—leads the dogs on for miles, then somewhere over there gives them the slip."

For ten miles the men tramped, following the direction of dogs and wolves until not even the faintest echo of a bark could be

heard. The night air was sharp. The stars were bright.

"Might as well sit down for a spell," said Putnam. "Sometimes, sitting is worth as much as marching. And if I know my dog, he isn't easily slipped. We'll hear from him before long, I guess."

So, under shelter of a stone wall on the south side of a hill, they sat down. They smoked their pipes and passed the time by telling tales of thrilling fox hunts. Putnam was right in the midst of telling how he had cornered a big red, when he stopped, jumped up and listened.

"Yes, sir, they are sending her back this way. That's a trick of old Rudge. Outrun 'em, edge round 'em and send 'em back-tracking. Maybe we'll get a shot at her here."

But it was not to be as easy as that. Long before the wolf reached their side hill, they could figure by the baying dogs that she had veered several miles to the south.

"Guess this is where we wheel around, too," said Putnam. "It's now about midnight and it sounds to me as if they were moving back toward Plumfret. Let's move back there. If the dogs haven't holed her by morning, Tim and Martin can take up the hunt."

But before they reached the town they were well aware something was happening. The dogs seemed to have gone wild. They were madly yelping as if rooted to one spot. Voices were shouting. Men running.

"The den," cried John, "that's where she is!"

"The den!" Putnam walked on as if in seven league boots. "So that is where the crafty old wolf has headed in." He knew that old cavern, three miles from his house. Once he had tried to explore it, but crawling half-way in, he had found the ground so slippery with ice that he had backed out again.

In their excitement, Putnam and his

neighbor John forgot that they had already been in pursuit for over fifteen hours. Quickly, they joined the other men gathered at the mouth of the cave. Every man of the village was there, with guns and bunches of straw, while the dogs yelped hopefully. But how to get the wolf was still the question.

Putnam took command. "First we'll try smoking her out. Ram the straw in the hole and light her up." The straw burned like tinder, and smoke boiled out, but no wolf emerged.

"Smoke isn't heavy enough," cried one farmer who was used to smoking out bees. "Here's some sulphur. That ought to do the trick."

This time the men choked and wheezed from the burning sulphur fumes, but still there was no wolf.

"Can there be another opening?" asked a newcomer.

"No," said Putnam. "I've investigated this old den pretty carefully and I'm positive this is the only way in or out. If the wolf isn't to be smoked out, perhaps I can get Rudge to go in and drive her out."

Putnam whistled and Rudge came bounding. But when his master pointed to the small opening in the rocks, the big black-and-tan hound hesitated. This was not a dog's kind of hunting. Still he must obey. With head down he entered cautiously as the men cried, "Get her, Rudge. That's the dog. Go for her!"

But this black hole with an imprisoned wolf was too much for Rudge. Quickly he backed out, tail between his legs, nor would any amount of coaxing make him return.

Putnam, with a twinkle in his eye, turned to his black servant. "How about you, Jim?"

Jim started, rolled his eyes, and shook his head. "Me, Marsa, go in after that old wolf? No, Marsa, no, sir."

Putnam threw off his coat. "Then I'll go.





Make me a birch torch, tie that old rope to my legs and I'll see for myself where the old varmint lurks." And although all the men protested, when Putnam was in a determined mood, it was no use to argue.

When ready, he gave instruction about the signal for pulling him out, gave the torch a flourish, got down on his hands and knees, and crept in through the two-foot square opening. For about fifteen feet, he crawled down the oblique slippery rock passage, nowhere high enough for a man to stand erect and only three feet wide. Walls of solid rock dropped moisture almost like rain, while the darkness was so black that the burning torch made only a dim circle of pale light.

After the oblique descent, Putnam remembered that there was a running horizontal strip of about ten feet. After that, what?

Slowly he proceeded until he could see by the light of his flare that the corridor passage began to ascend. This would be difficult. And how far would it go? Yet he knew no turning back. On he pulled himself until suddenly before him green eyeballs gleamed, and quick gnashing of teeth and a mighty growl sounded through the cave.

With decision Putnam pulled the rope as a signal, which was not needed, for the anxious group at the opening, hearing the terrifying growl, yanked the rope so rapidly that Putnam came out like a shot, his shirt stripped over his head and his forehead bruised.

"Well, boys, I've got the layout of the cave and know where she sits. Now to do the trick." And loading his gun with nine buck shot, clutching it in one hand and the torch in the other, he entered the cave a second time. Down the dark passageway again, listening, alert.

Putnam knew the wolf would be waiting for him. With her back to the wall, there she crouched, looking more fierce and terrible than he had imagined. Eyes rolling, teeth

snapping, she was ready to fight for her life. Putnam leveled his gun and fired before she could spring.

The noise in the narrow passage was deafening. Outside, the frightened men once again pulled on the rope that was tied firmly around Putnam's legs. And again out he came, this time stunned with the kick of the musket and almost suffocated with the powder smoke.

"Did you get her?" they cried.

"Once more to find out," he replied grimly as he straightened up to breathe out the smoke. "Make fast the rope for the last trip."

In he crawled for the third time, slowly and painfully, into the dark cold den. On he crawled to the end of the cave where the great wolf was lying very still.

Was she really killed or was she cleverly making believe? Cautiously he applied the torch to her nose. She did not move. The musket had done its work. Triumphant he gave the signal on the rope and was pulled out, dragging the wolf with him, that great gray-black wolf that for so many years had been the terror of Pomfret.

"Three cheers for Israel Putnam!" cried the crowd as each one pressed forward to see the wolf. "Nothing can beat him."

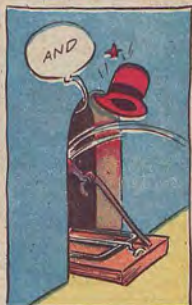
And they knew not that within a few years the Army of the Revolution would be cheering Pomfret's farmer as General Putnam, hero of many battles and friend of Washington.

Putnam's Cave, now known as Wolf Den, is still in existence. It is located in what is now a state park, in the town of Pomfret, Connecticut.

Nibble



by
WALT KELLY



HMM—NOW TO
SAVOR ITS TANGY
GOODNESS...

MUNCH.
MUNCH—



PTOOIE! STALE
CHEESE! BY JOE,
THAT'S THE LAST
STRAW!



IMAGINE BAITING
A TRAP WITH
STALE CHEESE



WHAT KIND OF A MOUSE
DO THEY EXPECT TO
CATCH WITH STALE
CHEESE?



HMM—MICE!



THAT'S ANOTHER THING.
THE PLACE IS OVERRUN
WITH RODENTS—WELL,
I'LL JUST TAKE MY
BUSINESS ELSEWHERE.



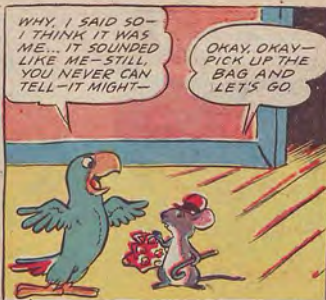
I'VE BEEN HERE
TOO LONG, ANYWAY



WHERE YOU GOIN', SHORTY?

I'M ON MY WAY TO
FAME, FORTUNE,
AND BETTER
FOOD





YOU DIDN'T GET THE IDEA AT ALL—WHY DIDN'T YOU FLY OUT THE DOOR WITH ME AND THE BAG?



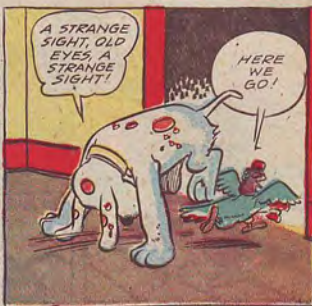
NOW WE'LL TRY IT AGAIN... GET A RUNNING START AND FLY OUT THE WINDOW



CLEAR THE RUNWAY! WE'RE GETTIN' UP AIR SPEED



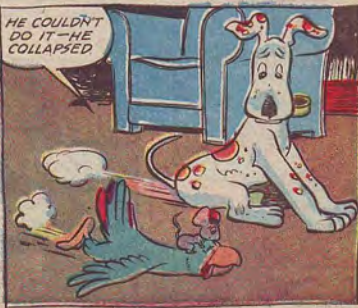
A STRANGE SIGHT, OLD EYES, A STRANGE SIGHT!



GO AWAY!



HE COULDN'T DO IT—HE COLLAPSED



WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?
I'M IN CHARGE HERE,
YOU KNOW, WHEN THE
FAMILY IS AWAY.

OH—SO YOU'RE
IN CHARGE
TODAY? THAT'S
DIFFERENT.



WE WERE THINKING
OF LEAVING, BUT
WITH A STOUT-
HEARTED FELLOW
LIKE YOU IN
CHARGE WE
FEEL MUCH
SAFER.*



YES, I GUESS IT IS
PRETTY COMFORTING
TO HAVE ME AROUND—
BUT WHY WERE YOU
LEAVING?



WELL, YOU SEE, WE
SAW THIS HORRIBLE
CREATURE SNEAKING
AROUND—IT HAD GREEN
EYES AND RED HAIR
AND IT BREATHED
FIRE!

FIRE?



IT KEPT HOLLERING
"ROAST BEEF,
ROAST BEEF,
ROAST BEEF!"



ONCE IN A WHILE
IT SAID "JUICY
HAM BONE,
JUICY HAM
BONE!"

MMM...



AND YOU KNOW
WHERE HE'S HIDING?
RIGHT IN THE
ICE BOX!

NO!

'NICE
WORK!'



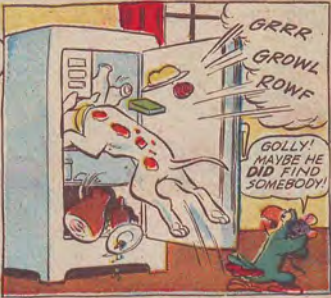
I GUESS
YOU KNOW
YOUR DUTY,
OFFICER.

YOU'RE
RIGHT





BREATHING FIRE
ON THE ROAST
BEEF, EH?



GRRR
GROWL
ROWF

GOLLY!
MAYBE HE
DID FIND
SOMEBODY!



NOBODY
THERE

HE MUST
HAVE ESCAPED

SCARED
OFF! HE
KNEW YOU
WERE AFTER
HIM.



YES—EVERY
FAMILY SHOULD
HAVE A TRUE,
LOYAL, COURAGEOUS
WATCH DOG.

WATCH DOGS
ARE NOBLE,
TOO.

OLD
DOG
TRAY...



OOPS—THE
FAMILY IS
RETURNING!

YOU STAY THERE
AND TAKE CREDIT
FOR DRIVING OFF
THE INTRUDER.

SURE! WE
DON'T WANT
TO CROWD IN
ON YOUR GLORY



A COUPLE OF
TRUE FRIENDS

THEY'LL GIVE
YOU A BIG
HAND

YOU'LL
GET A
BOOT OUT
OF IT.

UNCLE WIGGLY

WIGGLY LONGEARS!
YOUR VEST
BUTTONS!

OOOH!
FIRECRACKERS!



COPY, 1947 BY HOWARD R. GARD

YOU OUGHT TO BE
ASHAMED OF YOUR-
SELF - GETTING SO
FAT THAT YOU
BURST OUT OF
YOUR CLOTHES!

ER-AHEM! I SUPPOSE
I OUGHT TO TAKE A
LITTLE EXERCISE.



I'LL TRY A LITTLE BOATING TRIP
ON THE RIVER TO START
WITH.

UNCLE
WIGGLY!
UNCLE WIGGLY!
CAN WE GO TOO?



TWO MORE WILL MAKE
THE ROWING THAT
MUCH HARDER ...

BUT IT'S ALL THE BETTER
FOR YOUR WAISTLINE,
UNCLE WIGGLY.



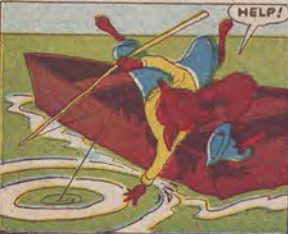
THE BOAT -
IT'S GONE!
SOME BAD ANIMAL
MUST HAVE STOLEN
IT, UNCLE
WIGGLY!



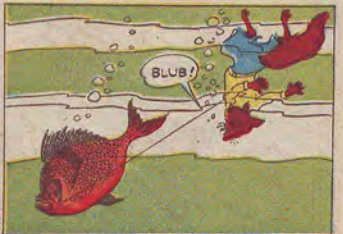
THERE IT IS!
THE BAD
FOX HAS IT!



HELP!



BLUB!





I HATE SWIMMING AFTER DINNER, BUT THIS IS AN EMERGENCY

ARE YOU GOING TO RESCUE THE BAD FOX, UNCLE WIGGLY?



NO!



I'LL HELP YOU, GOLDIE - JUST HOLD STILL



THERE! FEEL BETTER?

AND HOW!



TOO MUCH WATER IN YOUR STOMACH, MR BAD FOX? YOU DESERVE IT!

ULP - BAH! GAMMON AND SPINACH!



WELL - HERE'S MY ROWBOAT SAFE AND SOUND.



BUT THE OARS ARE MISSING! THAT WRETCHED FOX MUST HAVE DROPPED THEM OVERBOARD!

DON'T WORRY, UNCLE WIGGLY! THROW ME A ROPE AND I'LL TOW YOU.



HOP ABOARD, SUBIE AND SAMMIE! WE'RE GOING FOR A REAL BOAT RIDE!

YEEAAAY!

OH, GOODY!



ALL ABOARD!
HOLD IT!



HEAVE HO!
GOT IT!



CATCH ON
EVERYBODY!
FREE RIDE



SAY! WHAT
MAKES THIS
BOAT SO
HEAVY?

WE MUST HAVE STRUCK A
SANDBAR - PULL HARDER,
GOLDIE



OH!



YEOW! THAT'S WHY THE ROPE
BROKE -- HITCHHIKERS!

HEE - HEE!

THERE YOU LAZY LOAFERS!
GO PADDLE YOURSELVES AROUND!

GLUG!
BLUG-
LUB!



NOW WHAT ARE WE
GOING TO DO UNCLE
WIGGILY?

I-I DON'T KNOW! IF ONLY
WE HAD AN CAR ...!



LOOK, UNCLE WIGGILY!
THE CURRENT HAS
CAUGHT US!

O-DON'T TALK ABOUT
IT-I'M SCARED
'ENOUGH ALREADY!



WHAT'S THAT AHEAD
OF US, UNCLE
WIGGILY?

IT'S A CAVE!
THE RIVER'S GOING
UNDERGROUND



UNCLE WIGGILY, WILL WE
EVER GET OUT AGAIN?

I D-DON'T
KNOW, SUBIE.



WILL WE DROWN
IN THE DARK,
UNCLE WIGGILY?

SAMMIE! DON'T
SAY SUCH DREADFUL
THINGS!



ARE YOU
FOLKS AFRAID
OF THE DARK?
FORGET IT!

LUCAS LIGHTNING BUG!
WHERE DID YOU COME
FROM?



AW, I WAS ONE
OF THOSE HITCH-
HIKERS YOU GOT
SO MAD AT!



SEE, UNCLE WIGGLY, THERE'S A DOCK AHEAD OF US!



QUICK! PADDLE ON THIS SIDE EVERYBODY—SO WE CAN LAND!



WHO DO YOU THINK LIVES HERE, WAY UNDER GROUND, UNCLE WIGGLY?

NOBODY THAT WE'D LIKE TO KNOW, I'M AFRAID!



THE POINT IS -- WE CAN'T GO BACK, SO WE'VE GOT TO GO AHEAD



OH, UNCLE W-WIGGLY! PERHAPS IT MIGHT BE B-BETTER TO GO BACK AFTER ALL!

U-JUST WHAT I'M THINKING SUBIE.



YOU DIDN'T THINK SOON ENOUGH, UNCLE WIGGLY!

O-O-O-OH!

EEEEK! THE SKEEZICKS!



AND SO WE HAVE A FINE RABBIT POTPIE ON THE HOOF! HEEYUK! HEEYUK!

FRIED BABY BUNNY IS MORE TO MY TASTE!



NATURE'S KITCHEN, UNCLE WIGGLY.

WHA-WHAT PLACE IS THIS?



WE CAN BOIL YOU IN A HOT SPRING - OR ROAST YOU ON THE FIRE - HAVE YOU ANY CHOICE?

YES - JUST LET ME GO AND I'LL SHOW YOU.



HAW, HAW, HAW! LET YOU GO, EH? YOU'RE A WISE OLD RABBIT, AND A TOUGH ONE!



I'LL PUT YOU IN THE STEAMER TO GET TENDER BEFORE I ROAST YOU!



DEAR ME SUZ DUD! THIS IS ADDING INSULT TO INJURY!

HEH, HEH! WHY NOT?



THOSE LITTLE BUNNIES WON'T TAKE LONG TO COOK - WE'LL BOIL THEM FIRST, PIP!

NO, WE WON'T!! I'M GOING TO ROLL THEM IN DOUGH, AND FRY 'EM IN DEEP FAT.



YOU'RE CRAZY, PIP! ANYTHING AS TENDER AS THEY ARE - MUST BE BOILED.

WHO SAYS SO?



THE RECIPE BOOK SAYS SO - AND I SAY SO TOO! YOU'VE GOTTA BOIL THEM!

BLITHER-BLATHER!



YOU AND YOUR OLD RECIPE BOOK! YOU MAKE ME TIRED.

AW-URK!



TAKE THAT - YOU WART HOG!



THAT HURT - SEE HOW YOU LIKE IT -



YOW! WHACK! BUMP! MY WORD! IT'S ALMOST WORTH BEING COOKED TO SEE THAT!



I SAY! THAT STEAM MELTED OFF ALL MY FAT! I COULD ALMOST CRAWL THROUGH A KEYHOLE!



QUICK, NOW, SUSIE AND SAMMIE! WE MUST FIND A WAY OUT OF HERE BEFORE THEY RETURN.



UNCLE WIGGLY -- LOOK! THEY'RE COMING BACK!

OH BROTHER!



THAT SLIPPERY OLD
LONGEARS- GRAB HIM!

AND THOSE
LITTLE TAILS-!



GAK!

BLUGG!



JUST STEP BACK,
PLEASE!

HI! QUIT PUSHING!
PLEASE!



YEE-AWK!

AOWWW!



YI! I'M
SCALDING!

WAAAH! OUT
OF MY WAY!

HO, HO! SO
THAT'S THE
WAY OUT!



COME, CHILDREN! IT'S
TIME WE THOUGHT
ABOUT GOING HOME.

I'VE BEEN THINKING
ABOUT IT FOR A LONG
TIME, UNCLE WIGGLY!



NOW, NURSE JANE! YOU MIGHT
GIVE ME A LITTLE MORE
SPINACH WITH MY BUTTER.

NOT TILL YOU'RE
FAT AGAIN
UNCLE WIGGLY!



IF YOU WILL GET STEAM CLEANED
IN YOUR CLOTHES, YOU'LL HAVE TO
DIET UNTIL YOU FIT THEM AGAIN,
THAT'S ALL!





Warren W. McSpadden, New York

"Baby," a 150-pound St. Bernard and his young master, who entered him in a kids' pet show held in Staten Island, New York. "Baby" and Buddy took first prize as most unusual combination of pet and owner. (The number 39 refers to his pet show number.)

UNCLE WIGGILY

